

Clues and Gropes

**An Obscene Filk Collection
for Eastercon 2007**

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How Many Ways ...

Douglas Spencer
TTTO "In An English Country Garden"

How many ways can somebody be tied
With a pervert's intervention?
I'll tell you now of some that I've tried,
And those I miss, you'll surely mention.
Silken scarves and pantyhose,
Cable-ties and garden hose,
Even with rope, as everyone knows;
You can cut rubber rings
From inner tubes and things
With a pervert's intervention.

How many ways can somebody be whipped
With a pervert's intervention?
I'll tell you some, and those that I've skipped
I am sure you'll quickly mention.
Riding-crop and bamboo cane,
Paddles, slippers, rope again...
Even spaghetti, if you're insane;
But I'm sure I won't die
If I pass the pasta by
With a pervert's intervention.

How many items of clothing can be found
With a pervert's intervention?
I'll tell you how, if you have a look around,
You can find the ones I mention.
Leather corsets, latex socks,
Poly-vinyl schoolgirl frocks,
Even a furry, dressed as a fox;
You can find rubber suits
And those pointy ballet boots
With a pervert's intervention.

Top Pearce

Judith Proctor and Douglas Spencer
TTTO "Widdicombe Fair"

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, can you lace me up tight,
All along, down along, out a-long lea,
For I have a date on a Saturday night,
With a sadist, and a masochist, and a fetishist, and a lesbian,
a transvestite, a transsexual, that pervy Doug Spencer and all,
That pervy Doug Spencer and all.

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, can you tie up my wrists,
All along, down along, out a-long lea,
They say it's more fun with a rope that resists,
And a sadist, and a masochist, ...

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, will you paddle my arse,
All along, down along, out a-long lea,
Then you can cane me spread out on the grass,
With a sadist, and a masochist, ...

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, put my head in a hood,
All along, down along, out a-long lea,
I'll be blind, I'll be deaf, but I'll try to be good,
With a sadist, and a masochist, ...

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, stop my mouth with a gag,
All along, down along, out a-long lea,
So I can't say "no" when you want me to shag,
With a sadist, and a masochist, ...

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, get my elbows to touch,
All along, down along, out a-long lea,
A tie at my wrists doesn't seem like that much
For a sadist, and a masochist, ...

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce will you make me your slave?
All along, down along, out a-long lea,
And then I'll have every thing that I crave,
With a sadist, and a masochist, and a fetishist, and a lesbian,
a transvestite, a transsexual, that pervy Doug Spencer and all,
That pervy Doug Spencer and all.

Ties to Bind Him

Judith Proctor
TTTO "Dido Bendigo"

As I went to breakfast, at a con last autumn,
I overheard some slash fen a-talking,
Between a group of fen, they were sharing out the men,
So early, as the day was dawning.

*There were handcuffs, wrist cuffs, ankle cuffs, and cable ties,
Lots of rope to tie his wrists behind him,
There were school ties, silk scarves, leather belts and plastic wrap,
These were the ties that would bind him.*

Now the first lad being young, and his trials just beginning,
He dived straight away 'neath the covers,
We tied him to the door and his ankles to the floor,
Thinking that he'd find no freedom there forever.
There were handcuffs...

Now the next lad being older, and his trials fast advancing,
We bent him across a dealer's table,
We flogged him on the rear, with a happy, evil leer,
He knew escape was more than he was able.
There were handcuffs...

Well they fled across the con, but their luck was almost gone,
The fen and their pens never failing,
It seems just yesterday, that I heard their leader say,
It's onward, my lusty fen forever!
There were handcuffs...

My Love Likes Vanilla

Judith Proctor
TTTO "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean"

I fancy some maple and pecan, with a sprinkling of chocolate chip,
And toffee and raspberry ripple and maybe a walnut whip.
*Ice cream, ice cream, my love likes vanilla ice cream, ice cream,
Ice cream, ice cream, my love likes vanilla ice cream.*

I want to explore rum and raisin, and work my tongue round chocolate mint,
And try the taste of tutti frutti, do you think I should drop him a hint?
Ice cream...

I fancy a Neapolitan, all smothered in chocolate sauce,
And to follow, a funky monkey, makes an interesting second course.
Ice cream...

I offered my true love some phish food, the best that the Co-op could get,
But he went for the caramel sutra: there may some hope for him yet!
Ice cream...

Fisting

Douglas Spencer
TTTO "Wild Rover"

I've been into fisting for many a year,
And I miss the full feeling I get in my rear,
But now there's a fist which can warm up my core,
And my ring round the wrist of the one I adore.

*And it's no, nay, never,
No, nay, never no more
Will I miss that full feeling,
No, never, no more.*

The Bacon Game

*Judith Proctor
TTTO "Loch Lomond"*

My lover is a guy with a gently roving eye,
And a liking for the rich and the famous,
And I know his ex, once had a lot of sex,
With a man who used to work for Ronald Regan.

Now he in his turn, used to lust and then to burn,
For a lad he'd once rolled in the heather,
But that lad loved a guy who was well and truly bi,
With a collar round his neck made of leather.

Now this guy was a slave to a woman who would rave,
Or her passion for a gentlemen in Soho,
And he had a girl, an Oriental pearl,
Who really knew the way to fix his mojo.

But what he didn't know, was she really longed to go,
To Hollywood and see her career waken,
Now you can win the game, and finish off the chain,
If you can prove she slept with Kevin Bacon!

Smut, Smut, Glorious Smut

*Judith Proctor and Jules Jones
TTTO "The Hippopotamus Song"*

A novice fan-writer was seated one day,
At the wheel of her Chevrolet car,
She thought of her laptop that back at home lay,
With a story she'd written so far.
Behind on the back seat, sat reading a zine,
Was a friend whom she'd just met that year,
The novice fan-writer, clutched the steering wheel tighter,
As her friend sang with a leer -

*Smut, smut, glorious smut,
There's nothing quite like having Avon in rut,
So follow me, follow, let's write a new wallow,
We'll all of us wallow in glorious smut!*

The novice fan-writer sat upright in shock,
Upon hearing this dreadful idea,
The thought of her Avon, so smooth and refined,
In a setting so terribly queer.
She imagined his body all covered in sweat,
And a funny lump formed in her throat,
Oh could it be sinful to want a full skinful,
Of Avon so dark and remote?

Smut, smut...

Her friend, feeling helpful, said, "Think of two men,
Their bodies entwined in full lust,
When Blake's fucking Avon he hasn't a thought,
But of making that orgasmic thrust."
The novice fan-writer fell dead in a faint,
And let go of the wheel of her car -
Now three Chryslers, a Rover and a tourist from Dover,
Have joined her in heaven so far!

Smut, smut...

Never let your heroes dangle

Judith Proctor, Jules Jones and other guilty parties
TTTO "Boiled Beef and Carrots"

This piece is dedicated to Predatrix, who was heard to say "My heroes *never* dangle".
It was written at a time when the "Mull of Kintyre" rule was still in force for nude art and photos.

*Never let your heroes dangle, Never let your heroes dangle,
Keep that penis right upright, Let them have a shag a night,
Don't be like the puritans, With morals in a tangle,
From morn to night, you'll get it right, Never let your heroes dangle!*

Are your heroes holding hands,
Talking so romantic,
What if they entwine their limbs,
Feeling rather frantic?
Do you draw a gentle veil,
O'er that lovers' tangle?
Don't use that row of asterisks!
Never let your heroes dangle!
Never let your heroes dangle ...

Are you aware there is a law,
On pornography?
If you show an erect cock,
It's called obscenity.
Photographers have many tricks,
To save a legal wrangle,
They tie a thread to pull it down,
Never let your heroes dangle!
Never let your heroes dangle ...

Don't let your heroes hide away,
Make your sex explicit,
If you keep it out of sight,
You know the readers miss it,
When you draw a hungry cock,
Use a jaunty angle,
Let the mundanes go to hell,
Never let your heroes dangle!
Never let your heroes dangle ...

I have a Submissive

Judith Proctor
TTTO "Loch Lomond"

The robin comes to me and he sings upon the tree,
He takes food from the table in my garden,
When I've mealworms in my hand, then he'll venture down and land,
But I'm never fool enough to think he loves me.

*Oh ye'll take the straight road and I'll take the bent road,
And maybe I'll get there afore ye,
For I have a sub and I know I have his love,
I can take on all the world while he adores me.*

Now some men want their steak and a slice of chocolate cake,
My sub gives his will into my choosing,
With a blindfold he can't see, but he takes his food from me,
For love he'll take whatever I would give him.

Oh ye'll take the straight road and I'll take the bent road...

The cat on my lap deigns to let me stroke her back,
And tells me when she needs food from the larder,
She gives a gentle purr when I stroke her velvet fur,
But I'm never fool enough to think she loves me.

Oh ye'll take the straight road and I'll take the bent road...

When my sub is tied and bound, with his forehead on the ground,
I can use his body as I choose to,
When he moves under my hand, I'm the queen of all the land,
But I know he's only mine because he loves me.

Oh ye'll take the straight road and I'll take the bent road...

I love him with my heart and I give him of my art,
Some might think out love is strange and cruel,
The gift he gives to me, is only mine to see,
But it's the reason why I'll always love him.

Of Feline Bondage

Judith Proctor (inspired by Predatrix)
TTTO "If you're happy and you know it clap your hands"

I've seen you working with your bits of rope,
I have to say I think it's all a joke,
You can try it on your partner,
But we'll soon see who is smarter,
If you ever try that rope on me!

For I'll scratch you and I'll claw you if you do,
I'll use my teeth to bite your finger through,
Although I'm fat and lazy,
Only touch me if you're crazy,
I'm a higher form of life than you!

You may demonstrate your wrist and ankle ties,
You can try until the tears come to your eyes,
If you try to tie my paws up,
It will only get my claws up,
Anyone who ties me dies!

You may dangle all the ends upon the floor,
I will even deign to chase them out the door,
I will mix them in a tangle,
'Till your nerves are all a-jangle,
[spoken] Help! How do I get out of this mess?

What's the Matter?

Douglas Spencer
TTTO "The Recruited Collier"

What's the matter with you, you dope,
What cause have you for weeping?
You've one girl wrapping you in rope
And one with whom you're sleeping.
I'm lucky having girls like you,
There's some would think I'm lying,
There's very few do what I do,
So why then am I crying?

There's one girl playing with my head,
Who ties me up and flogs me,
And one who comes with me to bed,
Who cuddles me and snogs me.
It's right to say my lifestyle's fine,
I'm lucky to maintain it;
But still I find I've cause to pine:
I'll try now to explain it.

It's wonderful to have a friend
Who likes me to be subby,
But when our scenes are at an end
She goes back to her hubby.
My other friend likes bedtime play,
To make her senses tingle,
But in the morning, sad to say,
I'm back to being single.

There's more to life than bondage games,
There's more to life than kissing;
Although these ladies fan my flames,
There's something here I'm missing.
For neither one can be my wife
Acclaim me as her mentor
And walk alongside me through life
My level and my centre.